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1930



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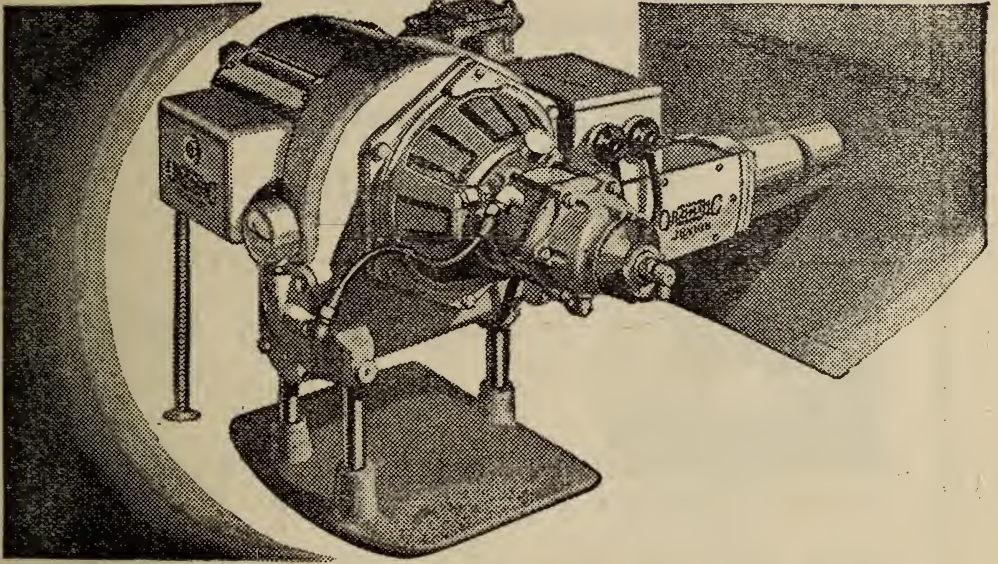
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ALUMNAE REPRESENTATIVE:

AINSLIE McMICHAEL





Our New Common Room

At Branksome we have developed an excellent habit of acquiring something new with every year. From time to time we have added the French House, the Scott House, a new wing containing large, well-ventilated class rooms, a splendid gymnasium and stage, and the finest swimming pool to be found in any Canadian girls' school. Last year we added seven school flags to our list. This year our attention has been focussed on the new Common Room.

It is situated on the east side of the main building, and is a spacious room, 27 x 51, adjoining the girls' library. From three sides of the room the sun pours in all day long, and on the fourth there is a large, open fireplace—a great comfort on chilly winter nights.

The main colour scheme—which is of blue and golden brown—is carried out in the three heavy rugs which cover the floor. Hangings and three Chesterfields in the same tones, supplemented by wicker furniture and walnut study desks with their accompanying Windsor chairs, complete an effect both of dignity and hospitality.

The rough plastered walls form a suitable background for the paintings, which are all by well-known Canadian artists. Most of them depict autumn scenes, and they add an arresting, brilliant note of colour. Adequate lighting is supplied by wrought-iron wall brackets and several floor lamps. A grand piano and three walnute fern boxes complete a most attractive room.

The uses of the Common Room are many and varied. It is a combination study room, reception room, living room, ball room, and has even on one occasion served as a moving picture gallery for some intensely interesting coloured slides of India. We feel that we are indeed more than fortunate in having this attractive new addition, which has brought such a cheerful, homelike atmosphere into our school life, and know it would be very difficult to do without it. But we are confident that the school has even greater prospects for the future. It is a splendid custom—keep up the good work, Branksome!

HELEN RICHARDSON.

Although our School does not possess many original pictures, we have a very fine collection of reproductions of both old and modern art.

In every class room, along the halls and throughout the rest of the School may be found carefully chosen pictures. It is mainly due to Miss Robinson's knowledge of the world of Art and artists that Branksome has acquired this excellent collection. This year we have two additions to our collection.

In the library may be seen five reproductions in colour of the mural paintings in St. Stephen Hall, Westminster. These pictures depict the most striking events in the history of Britain. The other addition, the gift of our Alumnae Association, hangs in our Common Room, and is the most valuable picture in the School.

Branksome is exceedingly fortunate in having an Alumnae Association united by strong bonds of loyalty and enthusiasm. Every year they arrange a theatre night for the purpose of raising money. This year for the first time in their history the Alumnae thought they could be extravagant and use part of the funds for something not absolutely necessary, and decided upon a gift for the new common room. They chose a painting of a Canadian scene by the Canadian artist, Mr. Haines. This artist has become well known by his portrayal in colour of the lure of his native country, and he has made a valuable contribution to Canada by his vivid, realistic painting of forest, lake and stream.

What could be more fitting for such a typically Canadian school as Branksome than to have one of his paintings hang on the walls of our Common Room, where it will be an inspiration to every Branksome girl? But this is not the only painting in our Common Room, for we are most fortunate in having three splendid pictures loaned to us by artists connected with the Art Gallery of Toronto, Mr. Palmer, Mr. Frank Johnston and Mr. Haines. And so, confined within the four walls of our School, are varying scenes of different countries at different ages, bringing to those within a sense of joy and pleasure.

MARY McFARLAND.

Canadian Landscape

By Haines.

Far away a glimpse of mountains,
Silver bark and bluest sky;
Golden tinted leaves of maples,
Passive sheep are feeding by.

Sapphire lake 'gainst emerald meadows,
By an inlet—flaming trees,
Purple hills and lingering shadows;
Like those hills across the seas.



VIEW OF MAIN BUILDING FROM ELM AVENUE.



JOAN ROMEYN, MARGARET GRAHAM, MARY BROWN, DONALDA MACLEOD,
MARY MCLEAN, HELEN RICHARDSON, MARY MCFARLAND.

Aurora

(By Guido Reni.)

A beautiful ancient Greek legend,
Portrays how the sun in the heavens
Appears in the east then descends to the
west
As the dawn gives way and the day sinks
to rest.

With the goddess Aurora preceding,
And the dark of the black night reced-
ing,
In the silvery glow though a star lingers
on,
The sun-god rides into the heavens at
dawn.

The rosy-hued hours are dancing,
His pair of fast horses are prancing,
The gold-tinted clouds which he brings
in his train
Are wiping away the mists and the rain,
In his chariot, Phoebus draws nigh,
To the west, as the hours flit by;
With bright raiment of gold, very rhyth-
mic they roll,
To return when the long night is o'er.

In the glow of the late waning sun,
When the course of Apollo is run,
And his band of spent hours is sinking
to rest
He's tinting the bright evening sky in
the west.

WILMA BATE, IV. A.

Gaining Self-Confidence

It was just as I was wiping off Pond's soothing cold cream and was applying Pond's vanishing cream, that perfect base for smooth dusting with "Yardley's Old English Lavender" face-powder, that I heard Ambrose calling to me from the hall below.

"Oh! Constance!" he shouted; Ambrose has such self-assurance since he gave me those radiant ceros pearls.

I coo'ed back, and told him to make sure he had some "Neilson's Jersey Milk Chocolate" in his pocket, while I slipped a spare package of "double-mint" into my purse.

By the warm glow of my "Coleman Radiant" heater, I pulled on my "Hole-proof" hosiery, and brushing with my luxuriant "Kolor Bak" dyed hair with a "Mason Pearson" hair-brush, I set a "Princess Pat" hair-net on it to be sure of avoiding those stray hairs which do so lessen one's appearance and ruffle one's non-chalance. Then looking at our neat little "Westclox", I realized it was time to leave. Just a last touch of Guiriant's rouge and "Kiss-proof" lipstick, and after a final spray of "Crossmint's Oriental Perfume", I found myself running downstairs, clasp-ing my "Brand Chatillion" diamond bracelet as I went. Then, O horrors! I thought surely the party was off; for what should I hear but our "Glako" baby beginning to whimper! I ran quickly into the "Crane" bathroom, found a handy bottle of "Fletchers' Castoria" and hurried across to baby's room; almost immediately he settled down comfortably and went quietly off to sleep.

As I reached the foot of the stairs I found Ambrose tapping his foot impatiently on the "Johnston Electrically Polished" floor as he scrutinized his "Tavanna" watch. I noticed the latter appeared quite as correct with his "Tip-Top tailor-made" dinner jacket as it had in the morning with his "Wetzel", distinguished, yet not distinctive looking riding habit. He was carelessly chewing "Planters' Salted Peanuts" as I came down the stairs. When he looked up to smile at me I noticed how white "Ipana Toothpaste" and "Listerine" mouth-wash had made his strong, even teeth. He looked on admiringly as I wrapped my "Brodey-Draimin" furs around my slim figure, yet kept youthful by my regular evening drinks of "Bovril".

I felt perfectly groomed as I stepped into our "Pontiac 6" and sank back on the luxuriant "Oriental plush lining." I thought Ambrose felt the same way about me.

As we drew up in front of the Swaggerton's Canadian home, we heard the melodious strains of an "Atwater-Kent" radio. Soon we stood on the "Congoleum" rug under the soft "Laco Mazda" lamp, trying to suppress smiles invoked by the sight of some 1902 luggage we noticed in the hall; of course we did not say anything—that would have been rude; but we realized how out of place it was in 1929, as we thought of our smart "Hartmann" trunks at home, and I could not help putting my shinning "Cutex" polished finger-tips to my lips. Sipping my "Canada Dry" over "Colonial Bridge" playing cards, later in the evening, I had the superior feeling of that perfect self-confidence so sought after and admired.

So the evening passed pleasantly away, and I felt with no little pride that people were looking at and admiring me and envying my self-assurance. Then the time came to take our leave, and we said "good-bye" to the owners of the smart "Treasure-solid silver" table-ware, tinkling "La Salle Pompeian" glasses and shining "Dominion England linoleum", and drove home in silence. We went up stairs and walked around as usual, closing windows and turning out lights; then we prepared for bed. While I was sitting before my dressing-table in my negligee, jealously applying "Frostilla" in valiant and persistent attempts to gain the courted prima-donna complexion, Ambrose sauntered up in his "Jaeger" dressing-down. He smiled over my shoulder at me in the mirror, with an encouraging twinkle in his eyes.

"Come on into the 'Crane', Constance," he said, and marshalled me toward the basin. "You want that school-girl complexion, don't you, old girl?" I nodded, and tossed a cake of "Palmolive" out of the window, muttering something about magazine tommy-rot, and putting in the plug and turning on the cold water tap at the same time. When the basin was full he held my hair back with one hand and with the other plunged my face a dozen times in and out of the icy water. Then he rubbed it briskly with a rough towel. "Now!" he ejaculated triumphantly, "seven nights of that treatment and you will have a school-girl complexion and a self-confidence to beat Lady Asquith."

C. P. BULL.



The Muskoka Trip

For the first time, last year Branksome girls went to Muskoka Beach Bungalow Camp for a winter holiday, the success of which was so great that by January of this year plans were being eagerly discussed for a second trip. Thus it was that twenty girls, fortunate in being conducted by Miss Smellie and Miss Ronaldson, gathered in the Union Station, with the inevitable confusion of noise and luggage, and were finally stored, with difficulty, into a private car. The trip (interrupted by an excellent supper, thoughtfully provided by Miss Read) proved anything but tedious, and we arrived triumphantly at Gravenhurst about nine-thirty. A series of school yells for the benefit of the bystanders was followed by a perfect sleigh-ride beneath the stars. At the inn, Mr. and Mrs. Alderson graciously received us, and, much to our delight, we were accommodated in three warm and inviting cabins at the end of the line, doubtlessly in order that we might not disturb the other guests. Full advantage was taken of this opportunity.

During the week-end the weather was perfect—clear, bright, and not too cold. Thus our time was filled to the limit, our chief sports being eating, ski-ing riding, eating, skating tobogganning, and eating. The meals were excellent, as were the appetites which did them such justice.

The ski-ing, for a great many of us, was a thrilling novelty, with the result that much of our time was spent in waving ski-encumbered distress signals from the depths of the snow. There were near-by hills to suit the most timid or the most daring, and in the end we all agreed that ski-ing is the best sport ever invented.

Three horses and a pony did noble work that week-end, and delighted us with winter riding on snow-covered trails among the pines. A skating rink was built near the cabins and a toboggan slide in front of the inn, on both of which we were more than ready to overlook a bump or two.

Great excitement was caused by an aeroplane which landed on the lake in front of the inn on Saturday morning. The plane, not to mention the pilot, received a detailed examination, and stayed all week-end to take up passengers.

In the evening square dances in the big living-room afforded us considerable amusement, although having doubtful effect on the other guests. This room is large and comfortable, with dining tables at one end and in the middle a great open hearth where logs were always burning.

On Sunday evening we piled into the sleighs once more, bid a reluctant farewell to our gracious hosts, and returned to Gravenhurst, where a private pullman car awaited us. As the general excitement did not allow for much sleep, it was a subdued and weary crowd that stood on the windy pavement before the station, on Monday morning, sorting grips, skis, snowshoes and skates. Finally the last girl was settled into a taxi and we returned to school in time for the morning run!

JOAN KNOWLTON.



Revenge!

It happened long ago in Scotland. Sandy MacIntyre was a blue-eyed, fair-haired, cheerful young Scotchman who was possessed of a most winning smile and a sunny disposition. His father had recently put him in charge of their most cherished possession—the most wonderful herd of cattle in the countryside. This was a greater responsibility than you might at first think, as it was no easy matter to keep such things as cattle from falling into the hands of some marauding MacGregors, who regarded the property of the MacIntyre's as something to walk off with any day. However, Sandy had so far protected his father's cattle, till this, the last night of the trust.

Now it happened that Sandy was in love with Jean Campbell, a very "bonny lassie," who lived not far away. But so also was James MacGregor, a dark, slightly morose, but very distinguished-looking man, who found it impossible to help being proud of his handsome, aristocratic nose. This MacGregor, knowing it to be the last night of Sandy's watch, determined that he would make one great attempt to steal the cattle and disgrace his rival. Jean hadn't shown which of her suitors she favored, but surely she would never marry a man who could not keep his trust. To bring shame to Sandy would leave the field clear for him—and he would never tell of his part in the affair.

In this way it happened that late that night—so late that Sandy had at last gone home to sleep, being tired with so much watching—a little band of dark, silent figures crept softly over the top of a hill, and slowly approached the cattle. Three faithful men were left to guard the precious flock, but they were completely taken by surprise and easily overwhelmed in a short skirmish. In an unbelievably short time, the valuable cattle were being driven boldly off by James MacGregor and his men. Sandy MacIntyre was disgraced indeed.

Next morning, Sandy's horror and consternation were almost too great to

picture. He realized that the men he had left had done their best, but he cursed himself for leaving his charge at all, and, incidentally, he felt no friendly feeling towards the MacGregor, whom he strongly suspected in his heart. He knew the reason for the raid; knew that it had accomplished its purpose, and so, although he had by no means a war-like nature, a very natural wish for revenge would spring up in spite of himself. It was a very vital point he was concerned with. Jean might have been persuaded to marry him but for this.

Nearly a week went by, during which Sandy's blue eyes lost their customary twinkle, and he grew surprisingly gloomy, and one might almost say grouchy at times, if the idea of Sandy being grouchy were not really too impossible. Then one day, without warning, his chance came.

Walking along slowly, thinking deeply, he looked up and suddenly saw James MacGregor at the bend of the road. Both men stood still. They looked into each others' eyes and seemed to understand each other. Then, without a word, they closed in a grim wrestle. Both were nearly matched in strength, and both were equally fierce and determined.

It really was a glorious fight, in which neither Scotchman disgraced his name. But at last, indeed one might say by a trick of fortune, both men went down, but Sandy went down on top. The fight was over, each man presented a most woeful picture. But alas for the MacGregor's aristocratic nose! Not only was it very bloody, but it had been knocked absolutely crooked and out of shape. Never again could he be proud of that beautiful, classic feature, and ever after he was called "Cameron", meaning "crooked nose".

But as for Jean, do you suppose that she would have a husband with a crooked nose? It was out of the question. So she married Sandy, and, of course, they lived happily thereafter.

BETTY ROBSON.



HOUSE AND DAY SENIORS.

The Sky

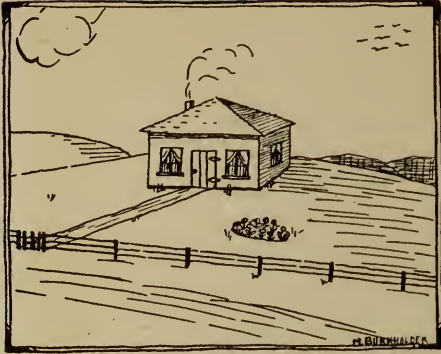
Blackest velvet is the sky,
 Pinioned by a star on high;
 Crystal silver is the moon,
 A tiny silver cradle soon.

Brightest diamonds are the stars,
 Guiding symbols from afar;
 Tiny little lamps of light,
 Shining in the sky at night.

Deepest azure is the sky,
 When the sun is riding high;
 Golden ball of living flame,
 Gorgeous symbol of His fame.



Canada's Past and Future



Twenty years ago, in Southern Alberta, a small sod house was built about seventy miles from the railroad. The land was all in the raw state, with no trees or shrubs of any description to be seen. The closest neighbors were about fifteen miles away. Barren, indeed, and lonely, were these prairies of the West.

You would never know our little sod house now though! It is quite grown up, and very modern. Eight acres of trees and garden surround it, with a little lake in one corner of the garden. Perhaps the little sketch of the sod house, and the picture of the new home, will give you an idea of the changes made.

Large fields of wheat now wave in the breeze, where there was only prairie grass before, since this part of the country is in the greatest wheat raising district in the West. The farm has grown so that it now consists of 4,500 acres, and is divided into three farms known as "Fogelvik Farms". Neighbors are only about a mile away, and the railroad is eleven miles distant. Trees have been planted around most of the homes. Perhaps you would like to come and see my little home when passing thro' the West? Do!

HELEN ANDERSON.





A Bad Fall

The wind was blowing cold and raw,
That day was dull and wet,
With books, I ventured from the school,
And for my home, was set.

But as I reached the French House steps,
I slipped upon some ice,
And with a clumsy thud I fell,
Which didn't feel so nice!

I got up feeling rather damp,
My books were everywhere;
The algebra was swathed in mud,
Touch it, I did not dare.

My green umbrella, dripping wet,
Was useless for that day,
So I walked home through slush and rain,
Like some wet dog, astray.

GRACE WHEELWRIGHT.

(Age 14.)



A Bull Fight

In the West Indies, especially in Panama, bull-fights seem to be quite as common as our game of rugby. As I was visiting Panama in the season of bull-fights, I decided to see one and judge for myself how cruel it really was, or whether it was much worse than rugby after all.

Grasping my ticket in one hand and my precious Spanish translation in the other, I was finally shown my seat by one of the ushers, who seemed to understand my poor Spanish.

Gazing around me with interest, my eyes fell upon the entrance into the ring of a black carriage drawn by four white horses, which came to a stand at a beautifully decorated box; this, I thought, must be some great personage of title. Then as the cheering arose, I saw the Governor-General of Panama step out of the carriage, followed by his family.

The arrival of the Governor-General must have been the signal for the entrance of the Toreador, for he entered the ring a moment later, and was greeted by a great shouting from the people.

I was more anxious to see the entrance of the bull, and turned my gaze to where it entered by means of two heavily barred doors, which shut the bull in a small ring, while the Toreador entered.

With a wave of the Toreador's flag, the barred doors opened and as quickly as I could see it happen, the bull was half way across the ring, charging the Toreador with all its might. I was about to scream to warn the Toreador of the bull's approach, but my cry died in my throat as I saw the Toreador leap lightly to the side, as the bull passed him.

The next few minutes I seemed to be living in a nightmare as bull and man fought and dodged each other with skilful ease. The bull now seemed to be tiring of its fruitless efforts to down its antagonist, gave a mighty roar, which

made my blood freeze, and leapt at the Toreador, taking him unawares. He fell to the ground bleeding, while the bull saw another chance to crush him with his dangerous horns.

I noticed the Toreador, cut and bleeding, slowly rise to a sitting position, and reach for a small dagger hidden in his belt, and as the bull lunged towards him, he plunged the dagger with all his strength between its forelegs. The bull, with a dying roar, once more tried his attack, but another mighty plunge of the dagger, directed at his heart, caused a groan and thud to follow, and, as the bull fell to its death, the Toreador fell unconscious to the ground.

I stumbled away from the ghastly scene, as quickly as I possibly could, being now well convinced that I would rather see a thousand rugby games than try and look pleased and excited at a bull fight. Thus I left the gruesome scene behind, feeling that I could never see a bull again without becoming deathly ill.

HELEN MURRAY.





THE BASKETBALL TEAM.

The Illumination

Shafts of silver,
 Shafts of gold,
 Rose and purple
 Lingering hold;
 White rushing waters,
 Deep roaring falls,
 Amber and turquoise
 Lighting up all.

Piercing crystal,
 Through the night,
 Lights the falling
 Waters bright;
 Fast tumbling rapids
 Onward they roll,
 Lights gayly playing,
 "Have falls a soul?"

WILMA BATE.



Champlain

A gentle knight pricked o'er the plain,
A warrior known as Champlain,
Tracing Iroquois,
A bold man, n'est ce pas?
For to win feather caps he'd fain.

He found the red man on the shore,
Hoped they'd trouble him no more,
His harquebus fired—
The red men seemed tired;
Some fell—while others made war.

St. Croix is a fine little place,
But not for a colony race.
"Why, Sam, you're some soldier,
But I could have told yer,"
Said Marc, "It's no settlement ace!"

The third of July, sixteen-eight,
Was a day when Champlain used his pate,
He sailed by the river,
Not waiting to dither,
And founded Quebec, sans debate.

That posterity might his name know,
He voyaged through sleet and through
snow,
And to Lake Champlain
Gave his famous French name,
The lake where the cool breezes blow!

Champlain was papa to New France,
They say he'd a life of romance;
But one truth I can find
In a tale of this kind:
He married Helene in a trance!

C. BULL.





THE HOUSE AND DAY PREFECTS.

"Breezy and buoyant—both wise and merry,
Most independent—somewhat contrary."

Nora Eaton, born in Toronto, was a day girl until this year, when she became a boarder. Nort is vice-president of the Y.W.C.A., captain of the first basketball team, and a member of the hockey team. She is also keenly interested in tennis and swimming. Nora intends to go to school in England next year, and I am sure we all extend to her best wishes for the future.

"To do easily what is difficult for others is the mark of talent."—Arnill.

Mary McLean, a Torontonion, is one of our house prefects, and is secretary of the Y.W.C.A. Besides being a clever student, Mary is interested in sports, and was one of the winners of the Badminton doubles this year. We shall be glad to welcome Mary back next fall.

"She has a wit and song and sense,
Mirth, sport and eloquence."

Kay Brett hails from the high altitudes of Banff. She is completing her

third and last year with us, and is president of the Fourth Form and secretary of the Beta Kappa. Kay is always keenly interested in all school activities. She intends to train at the Sick Children's Hospital, and we wish her the best of luck for the forthcoming year.

"'Tis working with the heart and soul
That makes our duty pleasure."

Helen Richardson, born in Toronto, is completing her tenth year here. She has been head girl, president of the Beta Kappa, secretary of Fifth Form, and also editor of the Slogan. As head girl she has worked well and cheerfully for the good of the school, and we will be sorry to lose her. We hope that the future has pleasant things in store for her.

"And sport went hand in hand with work."

Gretchen Gray, a day girl, sports' captain of Form IV., and on the committee of the Y.W.C.A. This is her ninth and final year at Branksome. Throughout these nine years Gretchen has shown a keen interest in all school activities. Her

specialty is sports. This year she was on the first basketball team and the hockey team. Above all does she love swimming, and last year she won the senior swimming championship. We will miss you next year, Gretchen, when you are at M.E.S.

"Her modesty reveals her merit."

Donalda MacLeod; born in Vancouver, but has lived all her life in Toronto. A day girl in Fourth Form, came to Branksome in 1927, and has since won the General Proficiency Prize annually. She is a Slogan representative, a very hard-working scholar, and shows splendid school spirit. We are all glad that Donalda is coming back next year.

"Merry to walk with,

Merry to talk with,

And a jolly good friend with all."

Isabel Adams hails from Winnipeg. She is a Fifth Former, a member of the Y.W.C.A., and also an excellent cook! "Issie" has always been a cheerful and willing helper in any task, and we will miss her very much next year, but are sure that success will attend her wherever she goes.

Katherine Boyd:—

"Thou hast wit and fun and fire."

Kay's hearty laugh was first heard in Toronto, and for the five years she has attended Branksome as a day girl it has had a most enlivening effect on all our classes. As centre on the first basketball team and as a Badminton enthusiast, Kay has contributed greatly to sports. We regret losing Kay, and we are sure that next year she will make a most competent secretary for some lucky person.

"Of her friends there are many; of her foes—are there any?"

Mary McFarland, a Torontonion and day prefect, is completing her fifth year at Branksome. As she is a class officer, Slogan representative, one of the Beta Kappa committee, and also on the second basketball and hockey teams, she has done much for the school in every way. A better sport and more cheerful soul you couldn't find anywhere. Her favorite pastime is riding. We'll miss you next year, Mary, and wish you the best of luck at Varsity.

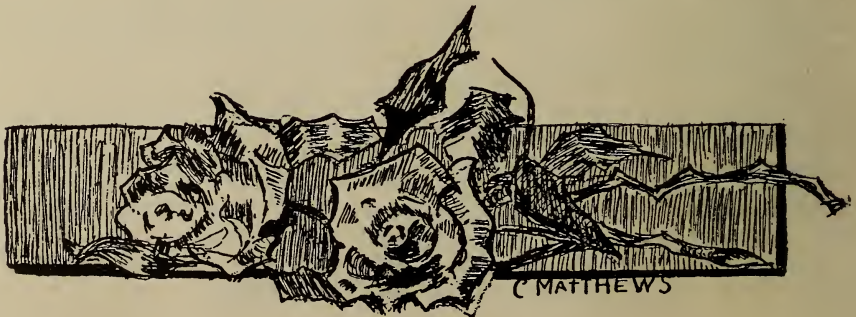
"To know her better is to love her more."

Ruth Knowlton is a Toronto girl and a member of the Fifth Form. She has been in residence since Christmas, and so ranks among our House Prefects. She holds the position of president of the Y.W., and is a student of outstanding ability. This will be her last year with us, as she is completing her Honour Matriculation this June. It is her intention to enter Moderns at University College in the fall, and much as we shall miss her at Branksome, we all join in wishing her the best possible success in this course.

"A good sport—a true friend;

On her you always can depend."

Ruth Rutherford, a Torontonion, and a day prefect in Form IV., is vice-president of the Beta Kappa. She is also on the second basketball team. Her pleasant smile and friendliness to all have won for her a high place in the esteem of the girls. This is Ruth's fourth year at Branksome Hall. We hope to have her with us again next year.





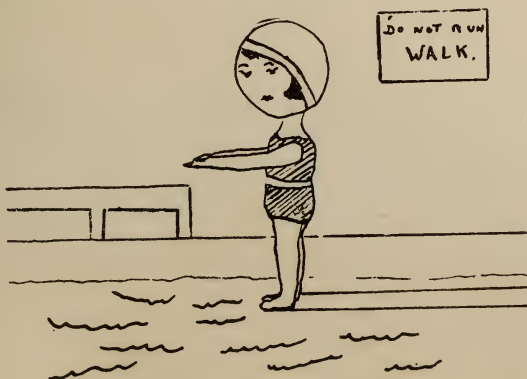
Swimming

Swimming this year has been carried on under the direction of Miss Ronaldson. The pool is very popular, especially when the days are warm, and many a delightful hour is spent in it. A Form Meet was held in the autumn term, which proved very exciting, with its relay races. The first place was eventually won by Fourth Form, which resulted in its being presented with a very delicious cake. A Swimming Demonstration was held as

one of the features of our Easter dinner, which was a great success.

The Annual Swimming Meets, both Senior and Junior, are to be held the last week in May, when it is expected that the competition will be very keen. Since the opening of our fine pool, swimming has become one of the main sports in Branksome.

GRETCHEN GRAY.





THE HOCKEY TEAM.

Hockey

Having lost a number of our best players last year, we were glad to discover some hockey enthusiasts among the new girls and we feel that they are to be congratulated on the way in which they have interested themselves in this sport. We were fortunate to be able to use Varsity Arena for our practices as well as ordinary skating. This, with the careful guidance of one of our old girls, Beverley Grant, helped to produce an excellent team which invariably showed

splendid School spirit. One game was played with the Old Girls, two with Margaret Eaton School, and one with Havergal. Several of the members will be returning next year, and with their co-operation we look forward to having another successful season.

Team: Captain, Mirium Coryell; goal, Irla Mueller; defense, left, Nora Eaton, right, Molly Sclater; centre, Mirium Coryell; wings, left, Gretchen Gray, right, Evelyn McAlpine and Barbara Lee.

Basketball

The girls showed great interest in basketball this year. Our first and second teams were not successful in all their games, but showed very good team-play. For the first time, we were fortunate enough to play games against other schools with our Third, Intermediate and Junior teams.

The first team games were as follows:

Present Girls vs. Old Girls, won by Old Girls. Score, 12—10.

This was a very closely-contested game, as several of the girls on the opposing team were on last year's first team.

B.H.S. vs. B.S.S., at B.H.S., won by B.S.S. Score, 21—6.

B.H.S. vs. B.S.S., at B.S.S., won by B.H.S. Score, 8—7.

B.H.S. vs. H.L.C., at B.H.S., won by B.H.S. Score, 24—16.



B.H.S. vs. H.L.C., at H.L.C. This was a draw. Score, 14—14.

B.H.S. vs O.L.C., at O.L.C., won by O.L.C. Score, 22—11.

Later in the season, the House girls challenged the staff to a game of basketball, and, owing to a recent debate as to the late change of fashion in ladies' dresses, the House girls appeared in floor-sweeping skirts. The staff team showed splendid combinations, and the game resulted in a draw, the score being 6—6.

First Team Players.

Centres—Mary Walker, Nora Eaton (Captain).

Guards—Jean McLaurin, Ruth Carlyle.

Forwards—Gretchen Gray, Marion McLaren.

NORA EATON





Badminton

As usual, badminton was one of the predominating sports this winter. It seemed more popular than ever, and the courts were in use before school, in the afternoon, and at night.

There were tournaments again this year, in which some excellent badminton was displayed. Mary and Amy McLean defeated Nora Eaton and Virginia

Lefingly, winning the doubles. The singles were won by Dorothy Magee, who defeated Amy McLean in the finals.

Badminton seems to be taking a more prominent part in our school life every year, and we hope that next year we shall be able to arrange some matches with other schools.

RUTH RUTHERFORD.

Branksome

No pile of cold, red brick, for us the meaning

Is greater than the tongue could hope to tell!

In after years, among the elms, and leaning

Against the sunset's gold and rosy swell,

We'll picture it, and hear again the voices,

And merry peals of laughter, glad and gay,

The singing, soft and clear, as it rejoices,

In happiness, and love, with each new day.

We'll see again the old familiar classrooms,

Remember just the desk that was our own;

And all the tattered books we used to study,—

And smile, perhaps, at how we used to groan

At "homework" and "assignments" and at "lessons",

(Though often I am sure we had real reason!)

We'll smile because—it's just the way of trouble

To vanish with the passing time and season.

And so we will look back on Branksome hours

Once more within the red brick walls we'll dwell,

To sit in bored and inattentive silence, Just waiting for the first sound of the bell.

Sometimes, perhaps, we'll study as we ought to,

Sometimes, we may have memories of tears;

But warm, and sweet, and cherished will our thoughts be,

On looking back to Branksome down the years.

ORA FORSTER.



The Branksome Girl Guides

The 24th Toronto Company of Girl Guides hold their meetings in the Branksome Hall gymnasium. There are about twenty-one Guides divided into three Patrols and ably led by Miss Mary Ogilvie. Only six or eight Guides have passed their tests for the second-class badge, but the others are working hard and will likely soon succeed. Between Christmas and Easter most of the meetings were taken up with a course of lessons given by St. John's Ambulance Association. After this course had been completed, many of the Guides tried an examination in the work and all of them will receive a certificate.

Three new Guides have been enrolled lately and several transferred from the 80th Toronto Company.

Last Fall the Guides went on several hikes and plan to go on many more this Spring. During the first week of July,

last summer, our Captain took as many as could go, to the camp site at King, where they spent a week cooking their own meals, sleeping in a tent and having a wonderful time.

At Christmas we sent a basket of food and clothing to a poor family who needed it badly, and were very grateful.

For various reasons, three of the older Guides were compelled to resign this Spring, but they will always be glad that they were in the 24th Company, and will probably be back often to visit us.

The Company is steadily growing, but it will never be too large for more Branksome girls, and we are hoping that next Autumn there will be more who will want to join. Any girls will be warmly welcomed any time they want to come, and it is certain that if they come once, they will come always.

FLORENCE WILSON.



CLASS OFFICERS.

The Mayorado

The entertainment on Friday evening, March 16th, took the form of a musical comedy, an undertaking new to the girls of Branksome Hall. The music and the main plot were taken from Gilbert and Sullivan's opera, "The Mikado", although the time and place, the details of the story, and the words of many of the speeches and songs were skilfully reconstructed by Miss Read to suit our purposes.

Instead of Titipu, Japan, the scene was laid in the City of Otnorot, Canada, and the strange Japanese characters were changed to Canadian school girls and boys. To this musical comedy was given the title, "The Mayorado."

The part of Saxie Phone, the heroine, was ably taken by Helen Anderson. Rugby Star, the hero, was played by Dorothea Mitchell. Amy McLean was the dignified Chief of Police, while Kay Brett took the role of the Mayorado. The "daughter-in-law elect," known as Ukelele, was well played by Mary Walker.

The success of the evening was due largely to the skill and patience of Miss Read, who staged and directed the play, and of Miss Gairns, who so kindly took charge of the musical part of the programme. Without their indispensable guidance, the success of the venture would have been endangered.

RUTH KNOWTON.

The Y.W.C.A.

There may be some who are rather hazy as to the work done by the Y.W.C.A. in Branksome. For the sake of these, I wish to point out that it is this organization which attends to the raising of all money required for the various charities in which Branksome is interested. They determine the sums needed, raise these sums in various ways and see that they reach their destinations.

At the beginning of each school year the Senior School assembles for the purpose of electing their officers. This year the following girls were chosen to fill the positions:

President—Ruth Knowlton.
 Vice-President—Nora Eaton.
 Secretary—Mary McLean.
 Treasurer—Margaret Burkholder.
 Committee—Isabel Adams, Gretchen Gray.

The first signs of activity were shown by the members of the Y.W.C.A. during Ramabai week in the early fall. During this week, a collection is made for the Ramabai Mission in India. This is a mission for young Indian widows, and one in which Branksome has always shown an active interest. A rather novel form of entertainment was adopted this year for obtaining part of the necessary sum—a Hayseed Party. By selling varied refreshments during the course of the evening a considerable amount was realized. The girls in residence contributed by instigating a self-denial week in the way of food. As a result of these and various other contributions, the required sum of \$275 was duly sent to India, arriving, as we have subsequently heard, in time for Christmas.

Each year, at Christmas time, the Y.W.C.A. busies itself in providing Christmas cheer for deserving poor families in Northern Ontario. This year, it was decided to concentrate on two large families, and the entire school was asked to contribute towards this end. One and all responded most generously, with the result that four large packing boxes, filled to capacity, were distributed to homes where, if we may judge by the letters of

gratitude, they were seriously needed and very thankfully received. So generous did everyone prove in their gifts, that we were also able to send a large bundle of clothes and toys to the University Settlement.

During the course of the year two tag days have been observed in the school—one on Poppy Day and the second quite recently, for the Blind. From each of these we obtained creditable amounts to hand over to the authorities in charge of the funds.

The final collection on a large scale during the school year is made during Lent. The money realized at this time is used in various ways. By it we support a teacher in an Indian Mission, and Avantika, a young Indian orphan. It is also responsible for the maintenance, in the Ludheina Hospital, in India, of the "Branksome Hall" bed. The amount remaining after the deduction of these various sums, added to the amount realized from the "Strawberry Festival", is devoted to the University Settlement Fresh Air Fund.

After glancing through this resume of our year's activities and the accompanying report of the Treasurer, I am sure you will agree with me that the Y.W.C.A. has completed a most busy and successful year.

MARY McLEAN, Secretary.

Treasurer's Report

Receipts:

Collections	\$334.65
Sales	94.40
Lenten collections	125.00
Total	\$554.05

Expenditures:

Ramabai	\$275.00
Avantika Indian Orphan	25.00
Laksmibai Indian Teacher..	75.00
Poppy Day Fund	40.00
Branksome Bed, Ludhiana....	50.00
Candy Christmas Boxes	10.00
Blind Tag Day	20.55
Fresh Air Fund	25.00
Expenses	31.50
Total	\$552.05

The Gym Display



HELEN RICHARDSON,
HEAD GIRL.

Due to the success of last year's Physical Training Demonstration, our gym. display was again given in the Varsity arena, Thursday evening, May the first, and was attended by a large number of spectators. Our annual gym. display has become one of the most important events in the school year, and is a great credit to Branksome. This year, an effort was

made to do something original, and it was decided that our demonstration should be somewhat in the nature of a "Scottish Night". The 48th Highlanders' Pipe Band and an orchestra furnished the music.

Our programme opened with the march past of the Forms. The school was led by the pipers, immediately followed by the prefects, carrying the Union Jack, the Canadian ensign and the school flags. After the singing of "O Canada" by the school, the flags were placed at the four corners of the arena. In the next numbers the Juniors quite captivated the hearts of the audience and their team game was very exciting. The club swinging by the Senior School was quite outstanding, the time and rhythm being exceptionally marked. This was followed by the Junior Gymnastics, which were well performed, eliciting deserved applause. The Sleights Sword Dance by Form IV. was a most effective number. Bean Setting, a Morris Stick Dance, by Forms I. and II. was equally interesting—the rhythm of the tapping sticks being very pleasing. The Team Games by Forms I, II. and III, introduced an element of excitement. Another outstanding feature was the Fundamental Gymnastics by the Senior School, which was executed with rhythmical precision, giving abundant proof not only of careful training, but also of mental alertness. The Juniors excelled themselves in their Folk Dancing, which was directly followed by the Highland Dancing. This consisted of the "Highland Fling", the "Eightsome Reel" and the "Sword Dance." The girls who participated in these dances were in Highland costume, which made it one of the most colorful numbers on the programme. The Grand March and the forming of the letters, B.H.S., were particularly effective and were a splendid climax to the evening's performance.

If the applause was any indication of the acceptance of the splendid display,

then both Miss Smellie and Miss Ronaldson, who so patiently trained the girls, must have felt in some degree rewarded

by the appreciation of the efforts of the pupils.

DONALDA MACLEOD.

Beta Kappa

On Wednesday, the 2nd of October, the first meeting of the Beta Kappa was held for the year 1929-30. The officers elected were as follows:—

Honorary President—Miss Read.

President—Helen Richardson.

Vice-President—Ruth Rutherford.

Secretary-Treasurer—Kay Brett.

Convenor of Debating—Joan Knowlton.

Convenor of Music—Mary Mitchell.

On September 13th, the first Friday night of the school year, Miss Smellie and Miss Ronaldson held games in the gym.

The New Girls' entertainment on September the 20th, was one of the finest we have ever had.

A new type of entertainment in the form of a "Hayseed Party", was introduced on October the 11th.

A very interesting lecture on Astronomy, was given by Mr. Stanford, of the Royal Astronomical Society, on Friday night of October 18th.

Our Annual Masquerade was held on October 25th. The event of the evening was the very comical skit presented by Miss Read and the staff.

The Fifth Form presented "Tilly of Bloomsbury", on November 1st. The performance was splendid and it was without a doubt the outstanding play of the year.

A Swimming Meet on November 15 was a great success. The prize—a cake—was won by Fourth Form.

The Fourth Form gave a splendid performance of "Fanny and the Servant Problem", on November 23, under the excellent guidance of Miss Bowlby.

On January 17, we had a Skating Party at the Stadium. A band played

for the skaters and the evening was a great success.

The much-looked-for sleigh-ride took place on January 24. Everyone enjoyed it fully. Refreshments were served afterwards.

The Muskoka week-end came on January 31. I do not think any of those who went will forget the good time we had.

A very interesting debate took place on February 16. "Resolved, that the women of to-day should rise in protest against the prevailing dress fashions." The speeches of both sides were splendid, but the decision was awarded in favour of the negative side.

A very amusing and rather "different" type of basketball was presented in the game between the staff and the girls on February 14.

The Branksome Dance, our annual school dance took place on February 28. It was one of the most successful dances we have ever held.

Form Four Special presented a very amusing play entitled "Elizabeth's Young Man." A small kitten, procured for the occasion, provided great amusement.

The Mayorado, a very cleverly arranged parody on the Mikado, was presented by the House girls, under the personal direction of Miss Read, on March 21. Some extraordinary vocal talent was discovered among those taking part.

"A Perplexing Situation", presented by the Third Form, on March 28, was greatly enjoyed by everyone. Two very interesting French plays were given on the same night by the girls of the French House.

On Friday, April 4th, Miss Read gave the Easter dinner party. Among the guests present were Sir William Mulock, Canon Cody, Dr. and Mrs. Slater, Mr.

and Mrs. J. A. Tory, Miss Jean Gunn, Colonel and Mrs. F. H. Deacon, the Misses Carmichael, Mrs. McMichael, Mr. Anthony Hill, Miss Dorothy Harding, President of the Alumnae.

Most interesting speeches were given by Mr. Tory, Canon Cody, Dr. Slater, Miss Gunn, Miss Harding and also by several of the girls.

CATHERINE BRETT.

Calendar

Sept.	12th.	School re-opened.	"	25th.	Basketball—T.C.S. vs. B.H.
"	13th.	Indoor Sports.	"	29th.	Scripture Union.
"	20th.	Old Girls' Entertainment.	"	31st.	Skating—Stadium.
"	27th.	Initiation.	Feb.	6th.	Rachmaninoff.
Oct.	1st.	Basketball—B.S.S. vs. B.H.	"	7th.	Debate.
"	2nd.	"The Only Way".	"	10th.	"Dear Old England".
"	4th.	Basketball—Old Girls vs. Present.	"	14th.	Basketball—Staff vs. Girls.
"	5th.	Short Week-end.	"	20th.	Mendelssohn.
"	10th.	"Julius Caesar".	"	21st.	Long Week-end.
"	11th.	Hard Times Party.	"	27th.	Basketball — Loretto vs. B.H.
"	12th.	"Macbeth".	"	28th.	The Dance.
"	13th.	Colonel Higgins.	Mar.	3rd.	Disraeli.
"	15th.	Basketball—H.L.C. vs. B.H.	"	4th.	Hockey—H.L.C. vs. B.H.
"	16th.	Right Hon. Ramsay MacDonald.	"	6th.	Navy League Dinner.
"	18th.	Astronomy Lecture.	"	7th.	"Elizabeth's Young Man".
"	23rd.	"La Argentina".	"	10th.	Ponselle.
"	25th.	Masquerade.	"	14th.	Long Week-end.
"	29th.	Basketball—B.S.S. vs. B.H.	"	21st.	"The Mayorado".
"	31st.	Hallowe'en Dinner.	"	25th.	Gertrude Huntley.
Nov.	1st.	"Tilly of Bloomsbury".	"	28th.	"La Poudre Aux Yeux".
"	4th.	Salvi.	"		"Hatez-vous lentement".
"	5th.	Basketball—H.L.C. vs. B.H.	"	30th.	Miss Kilpatrick.
"	6th.	Wilson Macdonald.	Apr.	4th.	Dinner.
"	7th.	Basketball — Moulton vs. B.H.	"	9th.	School closed.
"	8th.	Thanksgiving Week-end.	"	22nd.	School re-opened.
"	12th.	Basketball—H.L.C. vs. B.H.	May	1st.	Physical Training Demonstration.
"	15th.	Senior Swimming Meet.	"	7th.	Dr. Fiske.
"	19th.	Basketball—B.S.S. vs. B.H.	"	9th.	"The Grandmother Artist".
"	22nd.	"Fanny and the Servant Problem".	"		"How a Woman Keeps a Secret".
"	23rd.	Winter Fair.	"	16th.	"Paris Labels".
"	26th.	Junior Swimming Meet. Kreisler.	"		"A Week's Trial".
"	28th.	Basketball — Moulton vs. B.H.	"	24th.	Week-end.
Dec.	6th.	"Yolanda of Cyprus".	"	28th.	Swimming Meet.
"	18th.	Carols.	"	30th.	Sport's Day.
"	19th.	Christmas Dinner.	"	31st.	Niagara.
Jan.	13th.	School re-opened.	June	6th.	Strawberry Festival.
"	17th.	Skating at Varsity Rink.	"	9th.	Junior School Entertainment.
"	20th.	Gigli.	"		Alumnae Dinner.
"	24th.	Hockey—M.E.S. vs. B.H.	"	10th.	"A Little Princess".
			"	11th.	Closing.



King Jazz

There's rhythm in each small quivering
finger

Of that fat little man up under the
lights,

Swaying on tiptoe, leading his orchestra,
Gorgeous, pulsating into the heights.

Now wailing the blues in a moonwashed
garden,

Under the weirdly coloured balloons,
Throbbing and sobbing with wild fasci-
nation,

As the throngs swing 'round to his
magic tunes.

There's dashing Don Jose, and laughing
Carmen,

Sphinx-like Mikado, in gold and jade,
Great Pagliacci and tall wooden sol-
diers,—

Pan has fallen in King Jazz's shade.

There's joy, pathos in each blaring sax-
ophone,

Music in every breath-taking beat,
Thrilling its way to the hearts of the
nations,

Impelling them forward on dancing
feet.

ELEANOR WYLIE.

The Branksome Dance

The most eagerly anticipated event of our school year—the annual dance, given us by Miss Reid—took place on Friday evening, February 28th. Until this year, Saturday evening has always been the time set aside for this occasion. The change made this year was greatly appreciated by all, as it enabled us to enjoy an extra hour of dancing from twelve to one o'clock.

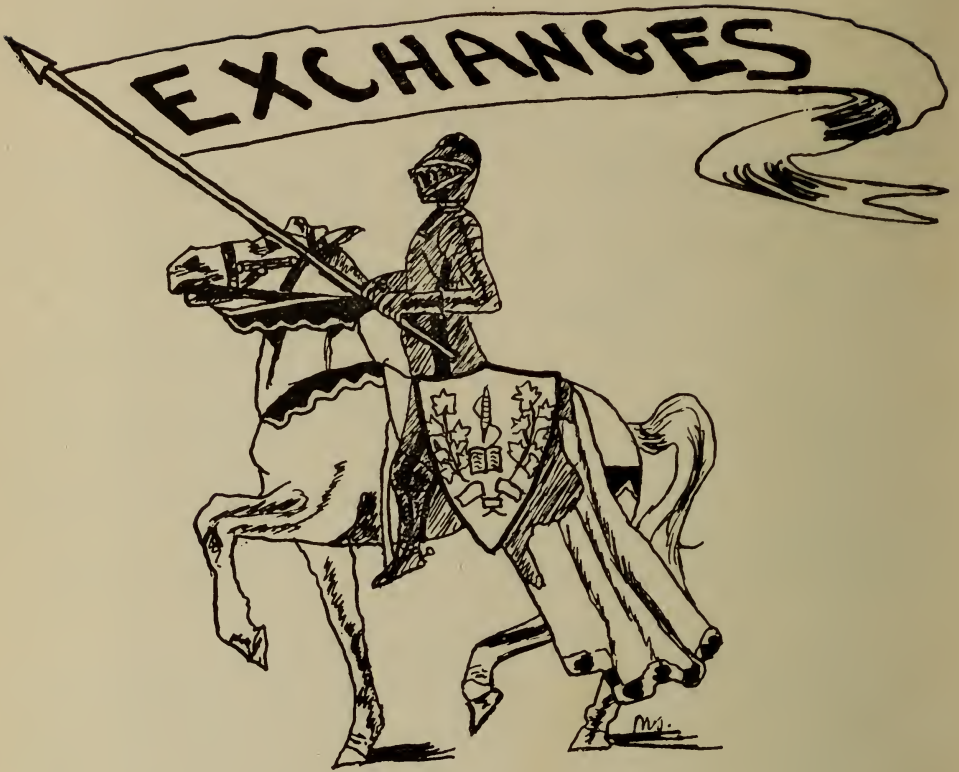
The gymnasium was fittingly decked out for the occasion in the Branksome colours. Streams of red, green, black and white shaded the lights, while balloons of the same hue were suspended from the ceiling. Our flags in their positions in the corners of the room harmonized perfectly with these decorations.

At about 7.30 the first couples began to make their way towards the gymnasium, where they were received by Miss Read and our head-girl. Helen Richardson, and by 8.30 the dancing was in full swing. About half-way through the evening a short break was made for supper. For this and also for the periods

between the dances our new Common Room was greatly in demand and as greatly admired. Supper over, dancing again became predominant in the minds of all, and so the evening wore rapidly away; one o'clock arrived; God Save the King was struck up by the orchestra, and memories were all that remained to tide us over for another year.

MARY McLEAN.





"B.C.S." Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, Que.:

We consider your magazine to be our best exchange. It is, indeed, well-planned and you present a very complete summary of your sport and school activities. Your illustrations are excellent.

"Eastern Echo," Eastern High School of Commerce, Toronto:

We congratulate you on your splendid magazine. We like, especially, your stories which are well-written and very interesting. One of the best.

"Ludemus," Havergal College, Toronto:

As usual, this is a very good number. You certainly have variety and plenty of good material.

"Vulcan," Central Technical School, Toronto:

We have always found your magazines most enjoyable, and have no fault to find this year. Your literary work is to be commended.

"The Heliconian," Moulton College:

A new exchange. We liked your magazine, which was well-edited, and we hope you will come again.

"Lower Canada College Magazine," Montreal:

Your jokes are witty and original. We would suggest more drawings.

"Edgehill Review," Edgehill School, Windsor, N.S.:

A good number, well-compiled. How about some more drawings and short stories?

"St. Andrews College Review," St. Andrews College, Aurora, Ont.:

An excellent review, as usual. Your photographs, portraying school-life, are good. Might we suggest some literary attempts; also some poetry—or don't boys write poetry?

"The Oracle," Bishop Bethune College, Oshawa, Ont.:

Very good. We advise you to liven up your magazine with cartoons and jokes.

"Olla Podrida," Halifax Ladies' College, Halifax, N.S.:

A new exchange and we welcome you. We like your magazine and would venture to suggest some more literary efforts. Come again.

"The Parkdalian," Parkdale Collegiate Institute, Parkdale, Toronto:

A very well-edited magazine, indeed. Your cover design is attractive. We enjoyed your story, "The Cloak Invisible." In fact, we think your magazine is one of the best.

"Tech Flash," Nova Scotia Technical College, Halifax, N.S.:

A very interesting number. We suggest some short stories.

KATHERINE BOYD.



Night

Slowly the steamer drifted away,
In the golden glint of the sun's last ray;
Slowly the daylight deepened to night,
As the steamer gracefully glided from sight.

Softly the moon ascended on high,
A silver orb in the velvet sky;
Softly the tiny stars twinkled above,
And a breeze in the pine trees whispered of love.



Our Visits to the Museum

In the course of this year our class has paid five different visits to the Royal Ontario Museum.

When we reached the Museum we were conducted by Miss Home to the second floor. Here we found a great many cases of models of Indians. Their way of crushing corn was very interesting. A squaw had a round bowl in her lap. In her right hand she held a fairly large stone. This was for crushing the corn in the bowl. Giant masks of hideous faces were used by the medicine men during a ceremony.

At one o'clock we left, having had a very enjoyable morning. We arranged to come back in two weeks for the story of coal.

In the swamps of the age of coal-making, large trees lived and died, and fell upon the floor of marsh. The layers gradually grew heavier, the top ones pressing the bottom ones, which formed heat, and later would have formed coal. There is a great deal of heat in Ireland. In Nova Scotia and New Brunswick there is an enormous amount of heat.

Then we chose our subject for next time, "The Story of the Egyptian Wall" and "Mummies". We thanked Miss Home for the interesting talk and left.

The Queen of Africa was the fattest person in that country. It was a sign

of great wealth to be fat in those days. There lived in Egypt at that time a queen by the name of Hotshepsut. It was in her tomb this wall was found.

We then moved on to the Mummies. There were various gods which the people used to worship. A queer round circle, supposed to be an eye with a tear in it, was worn by the people who were in mourning. The bodies of the kings were bound round and round in linen. Each round contained lovely jewels.

Miss Home pointed out the bed in the Elizabethan Room. It was a large, four-poster. Instead of having a box spring, it had first a straw mattress, then on top a feather one. Every morning the servant had to roll on the bottom one to keep it from getting lumpy.

We had been studying the reign of Queen Elizabeth, so were especially interested and thanked Miss Home with much enthusiasm.

Amphibians are creatures that can breathe under water and on land. Reptiles are creatures that live mainly on land. A few eggs with yolks are layed by the Reptiles. Hundreds of eggs without yolks are layed by the Amphibians.

Thus our five amusing, interesting and instructive talks at the Museum ended, and we are all very sorry we are not going to be able to go back before school closes.

GWYNNETH TURNBULL,
(Age Eleven)

The Little Red Hat

A dear little girl with a bright red hat,
And a pretty little dress that sticks out
like that,

Went to the Zoo one nice fine day,
For something to do while her Mother
was away.

She passed by the elephant and gave him
a bun,

And then saw the baby bears having such
fun.

She wandered in the lion house and
heard them roar,

As they saw their keeper coming in by
the door

With great big pails of horrid looking
meat,

Which any little girl would hate to eat.

She saw hundreds of birds in great big
cages,

They looked as tho' they'd been there
for ages.

There were tanks with fishes and toads
and snakes,

She had seen some like them swimming
in the lakes.

Then on she went to the monkey shed,
Quite forgetting that her hat was red;
And all of a sudden with his hand out
flat,

A nasty little monkey grabbed her hat.

She was in a state this dear little miss,
"What ever will my Mother say about
this."

But what could she think or what could
she do,

A little girl shouldn't go alone to the
Zoo.

PAMELA PEARCE,
(10 years old).

The Sky

The sky was blue,

The day was bright;

'Twas the flowers' hue

Gave me delight.

The sheep they grazed,

The wind it blew,

And as I gazed

The splendour grew.

JEAN MACDONALD.

(Age 12.)

Brady, the Newfoundland Dog

CHAPTER 1.

Brady was a birthday present to my little cousin Margaret in Newfoundland. She got him when he was only a pup. He was very mischievous and used to chew their rubbers and shoes. One day Margaret's mother went down town, and told the maid to put Brady in the kitchen for the afternoon. When Margaret's mother came home she went to the kitchen and looked at Brady, and he looked very sick. She went to the pantry, and there she saw that he had eaten a dozen eggs, shells and all.

CHAPTER 2.

One day when my cousin was out rowing a boat, the boat tipped. My cousin could not swim very well. The dog was on the pier. When the boat tipped the dog swam out and saved my cousin's life.

JOAN MITCHELL, 8 years old,
Form II.

The Snowflakes

Merry little snowflakes,

Playing in the air,

Saw the earth beneath them,

Brown, dull and bare.

They said to each other:

"The earth needs snow,

To cover hill and valley,

The place where children go."

So the snowflakes came down,

Dancing in the night,

And by the time morning came,

The earth was painted white.

MARJORIE DICKINSON.



Grandmother's Adventure

"Oh, Grandma, please tell us a story. Tell us about the night you were chased by the wolves and how you sent the wolves to their death," chimed three little girls with taffy-colored hair, eagerly gathered around Grandmother's old, padded, rocking-chair.

Grandmother smiled and gently patted their little, slender shoulders and proceeded to start her knitting. Then, pulling the chair closer to the warm blaze of the fire, she began her story.

"It was a cold, frosty evening in the latter part of December and I had gone to the River Roserill to skate. I had gone some distance up the river and was preparing to skate down to my home which was near a large lumber-camp.

"As I was skating leisurely down the river, past the thickest parts of the forest, I suddenly heard a long, drawn-out half wail and half bark. It was a female wolf, and where a female wolf is, there generally is a pack of wolves accompanying the leader. I had heard reports of the wolves and how they had tried to kill a man as there had been a famine in rabbits that season.

"But scarcely had the thought flashed into my mind when, looking round, I observed a dozen or more wolves sniffing the air. I was in danger—deadly danger!

"I realized this with a start, and putting forth my best foot, I glided down the smooth, crystal river with long, steady strokes.

"Again I looked back, only to see that the wolves had immediately started after me. I was tired to begin with, having already skated for several hours. But I soon perceived that I could not win in this race of life and death. My breath by this time was coming in gasps and jerks.

"Then a great idea flashed into my mind; why not go down the channel which was another branch of the same river? It was solid ice as far as about

fifty yards above the falls, where the current began.

"My plan was to skate very fast down the channel, approaching as near to the falls as possible, and then suddenly to turn to the right and reach land, while the wolves, unable to stop, would slide on and fall into the icy, cold water. Then the swift current would toss them over the falls, dashing them to pieces on the sharp rocks below.

"Well, my plan worked," said Grandma, picking the yarn off the floor and laying it on a near-by table.

"Grandmother, did any of the wolves stop quick enough and not slide into the water?" cried Alice, in an awed voice.

"No, my dear, they were so intent upon eating me up they did not look ahead and see their danger," replied Grandmother.

MARY MCGILLIVRAY.
(Intermediate Form).

Branksome Hall

'Round the corner from our house and
just a short block away,
Stands a school in the midst of a garden
that I eagerly visit each day;
For the best of lessons and good times
with companions big and small
Are to be found within the classrooms
of dear old Branksome Hall.
The days they come, the days they go,
so fast it seems to be
That I can never learn the things the
teachers teach to me;
With playmates loyal and teachers kind
a happier school you will not find,
In years to come we one and all will
never forget dear Branksome Hall.

HELEN STEPHENS,
(Age 11).

Bea and Betty went for a ride
Down the big toboggan slide;
The slide was covered with shiny ice,
And Betty said, "Bea, isn't this nice?"
BEATRICE BULLEN.

Thoughts of an Empty House

I used to be so happy,
I used to sing with mirth;
I used to really think myself
The happiest house on earth.

But my owners left me quite suddenly,
And I fear I shall see them no more,
For they've taken their furniture with
them.
And cobwebs cover the floor.

Dust lies in layers on my shelves,
In the darkness no lights bring me
cheer;
There are no chairs, no tables no beds
And everything to me is drear.

But, this morning, very early,
When the sun was still in bed,
A dear old man came to look at me,
And this is what he said:

"Oh, what a nice house, what a very
nice house,
And how lonely the poor thing must
be,
With no one here to take care of it,
It's the very house for me.

He nodded his head very wisely
As he turned to go away,
And I knew then as I watched him,
That he'd come again to stay.

I am going to be so happy
I am going to ring with mirth,
Again, I am going to think myself.
The happiest house on earth.

KATHERINE CANNON.

(Aged 11 years.)

Winter Days

Winter days are, to my mind,
The best for sports of every kind;
I skate and ski and slide until
The sun slips down behind the hill.
And after such a happy day,
I say good-night to all my play.

SUZANNE SWEATMAN.

(Age 11 years.)

Seasons

The winter days are bright and cold,
The wind is strong and very bold;
Nature is resting under the snow,
With tulips and daffodils all in a row.
Playing at hide-and-go-seek with the sun,
Till spring comes to stay and winter is
done.

The summer days grow very warm,
We then have many a thunder-storm;
The children play upon the sands
And dig out tunnels with their hands.
The water is so blue and clear
Until the rain-filled clouds appear.

JOAN GOODERHAM.

(Age thirteen.)



Lost in a Cave

The three children were at the sea-side for their holidays, and the first week they had been there it had been raining. They were in the nursery now talking matters over.

"It's tough I call it," said Phil, "just tough."

"Perhaps it is," said John slowly. He was always slow in making up his mind.

Jean looked out the window and said nothing. There was a moment's silence.

"I wish Babs would hurry up and come," said Jean at last. Babs was the girl in the next door cottage, and Jean and she were great friends.

At that moment the door-bell rang and the children clambered down the stairs to greet Babs, as it proved to be. They had a "scrumptious" supper, as Babs declared, and played for a couple of hours. Then Babs said good-bye and the others went to bed.

The next day the sun was shining brightly again and, after breakfast, the children went out to play. They met Babs, and the four of them dashed down to the sea. There were several caves along the coast, and into the first of these dashed Phil. He was quickly followed by the others.

"Now, let's explore," commanded Phil, "there's plenty to see in here."

"All right," said John, "come on down this passage," and he sprang into the looming, black hole, quickly followed by Phil. The girls followed more slowly.

"It's a lucky thing you brought that torch-light," remarked Jean to Phil as he helped her and Babs over a boulder, "it's terribly dark without it."

Phil smiled and turned the light off as his sister spoke. "You sure are right, sis," he said.

They continued their journey for a weary hour, when the light suddenly went off, and left them in the dark!

"Now we're in a hole," said Babs in a scared tone, "what are we to do?"

This question confronted them all. What were they to do? Jean, after a few minutes, began to cry.

"Oh, do stop," begged John, "you're making it worse than it is."

Jean stopped and said, "Let's go back."

They wandered about for nearly three hours until Phil, who was leading, said, "There's a light ahead."

It was true. As the children drew nearer the light grew brighter, and a moment later they found themselves in broad daylight.

But they found, to their disappointment, that they had come out at a different place from where they had entered. The boys instantly began to climb the cliffs, while Jean and Babs picked up some stones they found.

Suddenly the boys called from the top, "Our house is just on the other side of the cliff," they said.

Jean and Babs, after picking up a few more stones, started to climb up the steep cliffs. They soon reached the top, and the quartet started for home.

They all went in to Bab's house on the way home, where Jean and her friend showed their stones to Mrs. Galbraith, Babs' mother. "Aren't they lovely?" asked Babs, but Mrs. Galbraith didn't answer for a minute or two as she was staring at the stones.

They look very much like gold nuggets, so if you will let me take them to the jeweller I will see if they are," said she, at last.

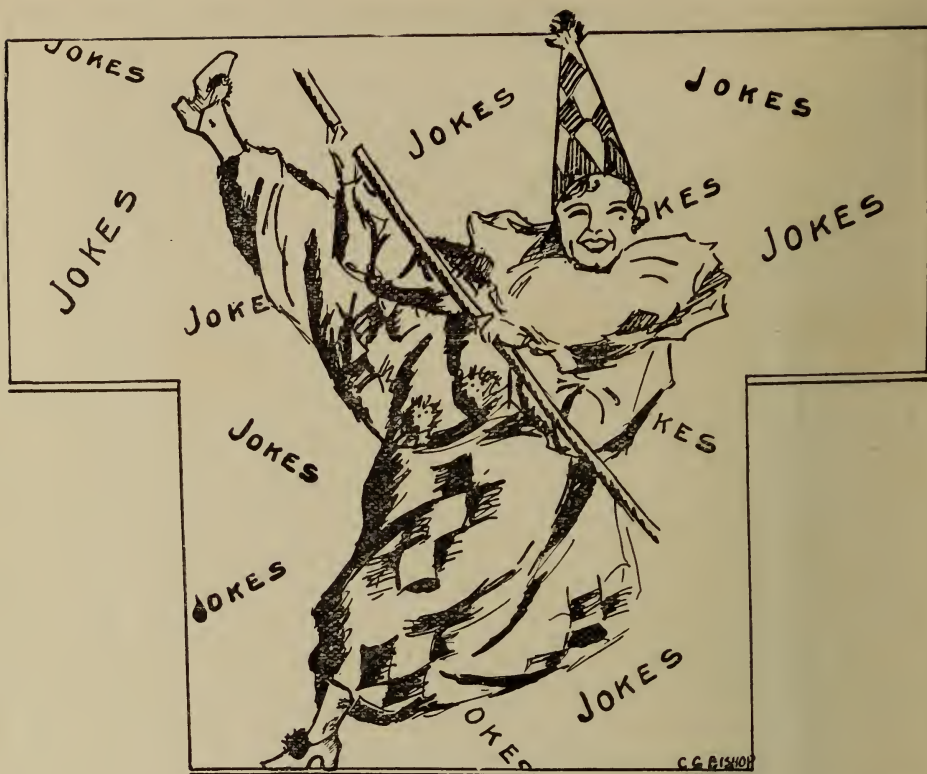
Next week was a very exciting one for our friends. The jeweller said that the "stones" were real gold and bought them, and the money was then divided up among the children.

When the fathers of the children heard about this, they bought the cave, and the children all became very rich.

MARY HARRISON.
(Intermediate Form.)



THE LIBRARY.



Modern Art

"Is that a cart?"

"A cart? Why that, my dear, is modern art.

In my catalogue I will see

Just exactly what it's meant to be.

'A picture of a Boat that's Sinking,'

Oh, yes, that's just as I was thinking."

On we stumble through the jumble

Of the so-called art moderne;

At it we gaze as through a haze,

And for the "natural" art we yearn.

MARY B. WALKER.

(After a visit to the exhibit of the Group of Seven.)

A man was told by his wife to take the morning recipe over the radio. He happened to get two stations at once—one gave the morning recipe and the other the morning exercises.

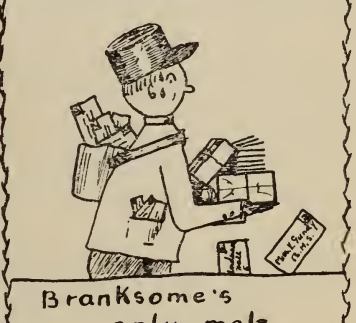
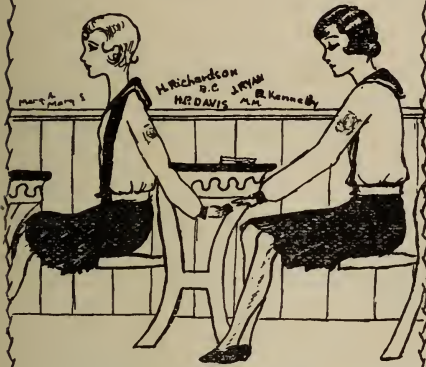
Try to make this dish:

"Attention! Come to a standstill in boiling water, but do not boil into a gallop, afterwards sift white flour over the head and breath in deeply. Lie face down on the floor and bend yoke of egg backwards and forwards over the head. Skip around in a circle and heat the white egg to a firm foam. Bathe the limbs in one half cup of maple syrup. Stretch the arms high over the head and sift brown sugar down the back. Pour one-quarter of a cup of milk over the shoulders and expand the chest while adding it to the mixture gradually. Balancing on one foot and swinging the other leg backwards and forwards rhythmically, stir the mixture carefully. Make a stiff dough that will stretch to the waist. Bend the knees slowly and hop back into the bowl, raising the arms forward and upward. Take a run and jump into the oven and bake twenty minutes. Then serve in a cold bath with hot soup and crackers.

R. CARLYLE.

PATCH WORK

"The Forward Pass"

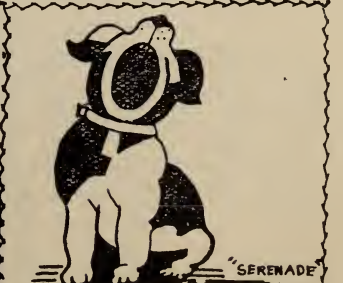


"Three Little Maids From School"



Ten hours sleep and yet —

"These short sheets —"



What The Boarders' miss

I.A.—“What’s wrong with your cousin, Jane?”

J.R.—“Oh! he’s got science trouble.”

Miss B.—“So you can’t define mirror. Well, what do you look into after you wash your face, to see if it is clean?”

L.D.—“The towel.”

Miss S.—“Do you know only two things prevent you from becoming a great dancer?”

K.C.—“Indeed? What are they?”

Miss S.—“Your feet.”

Miss C. (to inattentive pupil)—“You can’t listen with one ear and write with the other.”

Miss K.—“Why don’t you answer me?”

Student—“I did shake my head.”

Miss K.—“Well, you don’t expect me to hear it rattle up here, do you?”

Miss K.—“Translate: ‘Et tu Brute’.”

H.H.—“And you, you brute.”

Miss B.—“Are you stuck on the 27th problem?”

M.P.—“I’m not crazy about any of them.”

Miss J.—“And what can you tell me, Kaye, of the early settlers in Upper Canada?”

Kaye L.—“On their arrival they found the life very severe, but after a few years sheep were sent out and they made their own clothing.”

Ruth R.—“Miss Craig, you don’t realize how tired I am of Latin Grammar. Why, this is the fourth year I’ve studied it!”

Miss Craig—“It would be hard to believe it if I didn’t know it for a fact.”

R.R.—“Is policeman spelt p-l-e-a-s-e-m-a-n?”

Miss E.—“Why are you late for study?”

H.B.—“The bell rang before I got here.”

Gay Nineties—“Shall we drive out to the Park?”

Vicious Twenties—“Shall we park out on the Drive?”

Mother — “You shouldn’t smoke cigarettes! They are slow poison.”

Daughter—“Oh! well, I’m in no hurry.”

B.H.—“Why is your face so red?”

B.W.—“Cause.”

B.H.—“Cause what?”

B.W.—“Cosmetics.”

Mim. (translating Virgil)—“Three times I strove to cast my arms around his neck . . . That’s as far as I got.”

Miss C.—“Well, Miriam, I think that was quite far enough.”

Mary M.—“Helen, something’s preying on my mind.”

Helen D.—“Never mind, it will die of salvation.”

Mary McL.—“Why the tears, Ruth?”

Ruth K.—“To get rid of water on the brain.”

Miss E.—“What is steel wool?”

Pupil—“The fleece of an hydraulic ram.”

Miss Mac N.—“For what was Servius Tullius noted, Florence?”

Florence W.—“For building the Seven Hills of Rome.”

A pretty good firm is Watch & Wait,
And another is Attit Early & Late,
And still another is Doo & Dairit,
But the best is probably Grinn & Barette.

Examination Answers

Q.—What were the children of the Czar called?

A.—Czardines.

Dialogue—a map, a plan, a catalogue.

Hostile—to be polite, a place where young girls and women go when looking for work.

Quarry—four people, a place where you keep fish.

Pneumatic—one who has pneumonia.

"The character of George II.—He was a good husband, a good father, a good son, and he was not a wise man."

"On account of the mildness of the climate the game was participated in a la nude.

Oh Teacher! thou shouldst be present at this hour,

Fifth Form hath need of thee; it is a pen
Of stagnant chemicals! Text-book, ink
and pen,

Blackboard, the hard seats in which they
cower

Have forfeited their ancient gruelling
dower

Of enforcing study. We are lazy women,
Oh, raise us up, return to us again

And give us, History, French, and stiff
exams.



"To Isaac"

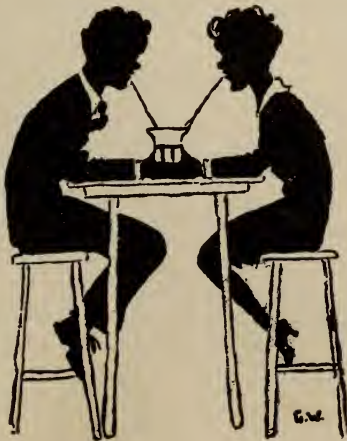
Upper skittle with a mouse is ridden,
To our waste baskets he comes unbidden;

Teachers, pupils in night clothes come—
Some are delighted, but there are some
For safety to cupboards and chairs do
flee,

From the little mouse you can hardly
see!

Upper skittle with a mouse was ridden,
To our waste baskets he came unbidden;
We set a trap with cheese to entice
Illusive, curious, scampering mice,
The trap did its work, the little mouse
died,

But strange to relate, not one of us cried!



Prize List, 1928-29

Junior School.

- Form I., General Proficiency—
Kathryn Gooderham.
- Form II., General Proficiency—
Beatrice Bullen.
- Progress—
Helen Franks.
- Form III. Jr., General Proficiency—
Anne Henderson.
Nancy Stirrett.
- Firm III. Sr., General Proficiency—
Jean Macdonald.
Suzanne Sweatman.
- Form IV. Jr., General Proficiency—
Peggy McCordick.
Betty Williamson.
- Attendance and Punctuality—
Sylvia Greenshields.
- Intermediate, General Proficiency—
Betty Davison.
Helen Rooke.
- Sewing (gift of Mrs. Walter Lum-
bers)—
Jr. IV.—Mary Kingsmill.
Sr. III.—Ruth Tamblyn.
Jr. III.—Anne Henderson.
- Nature Study (Gift of Mrs. E. H. Bir-
kett)—
Jane Segsworth.

Senior School.

- Form I., General Proficiency—
Alfreda Lavelle.
Margaret Lansdowne.
Gwynneth Sinclair.
Margaret Wright.
- Form II., General Proficiency—
Eleanor Hamilton.
Helen Hendry.
Joyce Sweatman.
Florence Wilson.
- Industry and Application—
Charlotte Abbott.
- Form III., General Proficiency—
Nora Eaton.
Joan Knowlton.
Donalda Macleod.
Mary McLean.

- Form IV., General Proficiency—
Ruth Knowlton.
- Form V. General Proficiency—
Elisabeth Saunderson.
Nancy Wilson.
- French Authors (Gift of Elizabeth
Scott Warren)—
Margaret Trott.
- Mathematics (Ethel Ames Coombs Me-
morial—
Margaret Eaton.
- English (Eleanor Stanbury Memorial)—
Margaret Eaton.
- Languages—
Ruth Knowlton.
- Mathematics, Form V.—
Elisabeth Saunderson.
- Mathematics and Science, Form V.—
Helen MacLennan.
- History of Art—
Muriel Harold.
Helen Richardson.

Sports Prizes.

- Senior Tennis Singles — Margaret
Withers.
- Senior Tennis Doubles — Margaret
Withers and Elizabeth Burruss.
- Junior Tennis Singles—Betty Davison.
- Junior Tennis Doubles—Betty Davison
and Barbara Caldwell.
- Badminton Singles (Gift of Mar-
garet Henderson)—Dorothy Magee.
- Badminton Doubles — Margaret
Eaton and Shirley Graves.
- Senior Sports Championship (Gift of
Mrs. C. R. Lorway, Sydney, N.S.)—
Jeanne Goulding.
- Intermediate Sports Championship—
Margaret Patterson.
- Junior Sports Championship—Muriel
Sinclair.
- Senior Championship (Gift of Mary
Barker)—Gretchen Gray.
- Junior Swimming Championship
(Gift of Lenore Gooderham)—Betty
Davison.

House Prizes.

Integrity—Helen Pidgeon.
 Perseverance—Phyllis Shepard.
 School Spirit—Margaret Withers.
 Comradeship—Ruth Hamilton.
 Service (Gift of Miss Eleanor Ross)
 —Margaret Henderson.
 Sportmanship—Elizabeth Burruss.
 Loyalty (Gift of Mary Hendrie Cum-
 ming, London, England)—Helen Glen-
 nie.

Special Prizes.

Oratory (Gift of Mr. and Mrs. J. A.
 McLeod)—
 Senior Championship—Mary Mc-
 Lean.
 Form I.—Margaret Wright.
 Form II.—Lillice Read.
 Form III. B.—Lucy Cooper.
 Junior Championship—Mary Good-
 erham.
 Form IV. Jr.—Betty Williamson.
 Form III. Sr.—Margaret Muir.
 Essays (Gift of Mr. and Mrs. J. A.
 McLeod)—Marjorie Gray, Catherine
 Brett.
 Art Work in "Slogan"—Margaret
 Henderson.
 Literary Work in "Slogan"—Jeanne
 Goulding, Caroline Bull.
 Sportsmanship (Gift of Miss Mary G.
 Hamilton)—Jeanne Goulding.
 Courtesy—Margaret Withers, Phyllis
 Shepard, Audrey Banks.

Domestic Science Certificates—

Audrey Banks.
 Margaret Roberts.
 Mae Ferguson.
 Nora Low.
 Mary Robertson.
 Isabel Adams.
 Joan Hannay.
 Kathleen McGee.
 Margaret Arm-
 strong.
 Muriel Harold.
 Helen Phillips.
 Jeanne Swinton.

Household Science Certificates—

Nora Jordan.
 Doris Ovans.
 Helen Bell.
 Dorothy Knowl-
 ton.
 Betty Shepard.
 Marjorie Gray.
 Helen McLennan.
 Ethel Tweddell.

Alumnæ Prize for English—Doris
 Ovans.

Margaret T. Scott Memorial Prizes—

Marjorie Gray.
 Mildred Mahood.
 Lillice Read.
 Phyllis Shepard.
 Violet Tapley.
 Nora Jordan.
 Helen McLennan.
 Doris Rogers.
 Joan Spiers.
 Ethel Tweddell.
 Ruth Carlyle.
 Lillian Kribs.
 Doris Ovans.
 Elisabeth Saunder-
 son.
 Betty Stambaugh.
 Grace Davison.
 Vivien Lewis.
 Helen Pidgeon.

Ruth Caven Memorial (Gift of Dr.
 and Mrs. W. P. Caven), Highest Stand-
 ing in Form IV.—Margaret Eaton.

Jean Hume Memorial Medal Scholar-
 ship: Influence, Athletics — Margaret
 Withers.





A very enjoyable dinner was held at the School on June 10th, 1929, at which Miss Read entertained the members of the Branksome Hall Alumnae Association. About three hundred were present. An orchestra played during dinner and for the dancing which followed.

The annual business meeting took place after dinner. The secretary's report was read by Elizabeth Holmes, the treasurer's report by Katherine Anderson, and the report of the treasurer of the Building Fund by Annabel Auld. Then followed an address by the president, Helen Wright, in which she thanked Miss Read for her assistance and the committee for their help throughout the year. Miss Read spoke a few words in which she referred to the new school flags which had been adopted during the year and which hang on the walls of the gymnasium.

The following officers were elected for the year 1929-30:—

- Hon. President—Miss Read.
- President—Dorothy Harding.
- 1st Vice-President—Catherine Hyde.
- 2nd Vice-President—Grace Innes.
- Treasurer—June Warren.

Secretary—Kathleen Gallagher Leak.

Committee—Beatrice Martin, Helen Ballantyne Kemp, Susan Ross, Margaret Aitken, Grace Bone Collinson, Margaret McQueen Heard, Frances Playfair Jenkinson, Margaret Withers, Sylvia Cayley, Elizabeth Burruss.

On Friday, November 15th, Miss Read held a reception to which the members of the Alumnae were invited. The new Common Room was open, and the Encyclopedia Britannica, presented by the Alumnae, was on display.

On Thursday, January 29th, Miss Read gave a very enjoyable dinner for the executive of the Alumnae. A business meeting followed.

Our very successful theatre night was held Monday February 10th at the Royal Alexandra Theatre. "Dear Old England" was the name of the play.

On Thursday May 1st some of the members of the Alumnae ushered at the splendid Physical Training Demonstration given by the present girls at the Varsity Arena. A great many of the Alumnae were among the audience.

KATHLEEN GALLAGHER LEAK,
Secretary.

ALUMNAE TREASURER'S
REPORT.*Receipts.*

Balance on hand	\$110.93
Fees	151.00
Life Members	40.00
Interest on Account	2.68
Total	\$304.61

Expenditures.

Expenses	\$ 31.87
Balance on hand	272.74
Total	\$304.61

JUNE WARREN, '28.

ALUMNAE BUILDING FUND
TREASURER'S REPORT.*Receipts.*

Balance on hand	\$306.39
Bank Interest	3.91
Interest on bonds	306.00
Theatre Night	950.60
Life Memberships	40.00
Total	\$1,606.90

Expenditures.

Encyclopædia for School	\$117.50
Scholarships	300.00
Bond	1,000.00
Balance on hand	189.40
Total	\$1,606.90

ANNABEL R. AULD.

The following out-of-town girls visited the school this year:—

Muriel Robertson Wrong, Ottawa.

Florence Puddington Coombs, St. John, N.B.

Grace Innes, Simcoe.

Violet Mulock, Cannes, France.

Margaret Baker DuBois, Washington.

Muriel Harold, Paris, Ont.

Helen Bell, Southampton.

Shirley Stewart, Ottawa.

Marjorie Franklin Jones, New York.

Mary Hendrie Cumming, London, England.

Elfreda Corey Johnston, St. Catharines.

Trudie Huntley Green, Victoria.

Mary Campbell Ga Nun, New York.

Muriel Munn, Harbour Grace, Nfld.

Elinor Stovel, Winnipeg.

Esther Outerbridge, Bermuda.

Isabel Pirie, Cartage, C.A.

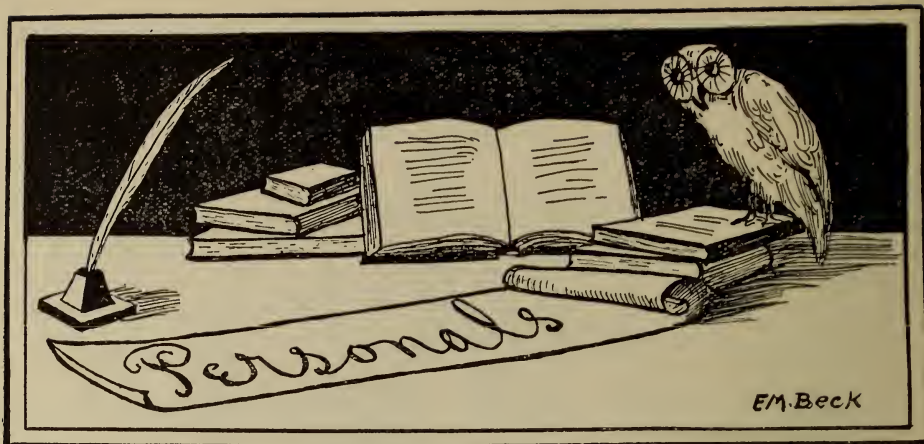
Margaret Hardy, Belleville.

Virginia Case, Montreal.

Momiji Ubukata, Tokyo, Japan.



C. MATTHEWS



Miss Read spent Easter in Washington and saw Aleen Erb Goetchius and Margaret Baker Du Bois. Margaret took a post-graduate course in medicine at Toledo last autumn.

Margaret Boyd is attending Queen's University. Helen Bell is in training at the Wellesley Hospital.

Marion Miller is studying art in Rome.

Mary P. Anderson has been appointed National Finance and Business Secretary on the Y.W.C.A. staff of India, Burma and Ceylon. Her address is 16 Harrington Mansions, Harrington Street, Calcutta, India.

Elisabeth Saunderson, who is in her first year at Dalhousie, is Vice-President of her class.

Hilda MacLennan spent the winter nursing in Bermuda.

Mary Parsons and Mary Roberts are among this year's graduates in Physical Education, McGill.

Norah Findlay has been taking a post-graduate course in Dietetics at Simmons' College, Boston.

Ruth Langlois Smith is living at 154 Dorchester Street, Buffalo.

Helen Lugsdin is in her fourth year at Columbia University.

Grace Cochrane Davey was Bessie McPherson's matron of honour at her wedding last June.

Ethel Tweddell is attending Macdonald Hall, St. Anne de Bellevue.

Joyce Tedman is at "Les Fougères," Lausanne.

Stella Fleming Mackenzie and her husband are now in China.

Constance Crawford Brown paid the school a flying visit last September.

Jeanne Goulding is in her first year at McGill's.

Jean Baillie graduated from Elmira College, Elmira, N.Y.

Ruby MacMillan is taking post-graduate work at the Presbyterian Hospital, New York City.

Betty Holmes returned to Toronto in February after six months spent in Mexico.

Katherine Anderson Selby and her husband will spend the next six months in London, England, where Dr. Selby has an appointment at St. Thomas' Hospital.

Mary Rowell Jackson is one of the Vice-Chairmen of the Women's Branch of the new Twentieth Century Liberal Association.

Louise MacLennan McIntosh is Dietitian at Hatfield Hall School, Cobourg.

Ida Burchell graduated in Fine Arts from Mount Allison last June.

Mary Barker is going abroad this summer to take a course at the Gymnastic Folk High School, Ollerup, Denmark.

Viola Cameron is Associate Editor of the Passing Show Publishing Co., Montreal.

Margaret Eaton is at West Heath School, Richmond, England.

Gwynneth Scholfield and Katherine Scott, who were taking the Occupational Therapy Course at Varsity, graduated in June.

Lenore Ivey has just completed her third season with the Los Angeles and San Francisco Opera Co. She was their principal mezzosoprano. Critics speak of her as a finished artist and an intelligent singer.

Ruth Gray is to be assistant Gymn. Instructor at the Knox School, Coopers-town, N.Y., next year.

Evelyn Mackay Gerow was in Montreal recently visiting Eleanor, who is leaving shortly to spend the summer in Bathurst.

St. Claire Macdonald, who last June won the Governor-General's medal for highest standing in fourth year work, is attending the Slade School, London, England.

Marie Meyer Dobbie was in town last summer from California.

Margaret Robinson is attending the Ontario College of Art.

Elizabeth Walton spent the winter in Regina.

Kathleen Burrows took the Mediterranean trip in January.

Helen Lacey is Dietitian at the Westerly Hospital, Westerly, R.I.

Trudie Green is taking a secretarial course in Munich, Germany.

Peggy Turnbull graduated this year from the Toronto General Hospital.

Margaret Withers, Ruth Hamilton, Kathleen McGee, Margaret Henderson and Isabel Pirie are attending the Margaret Eaton School.

Margaret Mackenzie Hodgson spent the winter at Virginia Beach.

Evelyn Taylor Miller is living at 412 Lincoln Court Apts., Overbrook, Philadelphia.

Margaret McIntosh, who graduated last year from a British Columbia hospital, spent the summer abroad, and is now nursing in Australia.

Elinor Stovel was in Toronto in March on her way abroad.

Marion Gibson is registered in the

Occupational Therapy Course, Toronto University.

Ruth Eaton is at school in England.

Florence Taylor is in charge of the Health Department of a school in Pasadena, California. Her address is 250A South Catalina Ave.

Momiji Ubukata is spending the months of May and June in Toronto.

Margaret Stairs returns to Montreal in August after five months spent in England.

Editha Johnston received her B.S. degree in Librarianship from Columbia this year. She is in Toronto residing at the Women's University Club.

Among those in the First Year, Toronto University, are: Elizabeth Burruss, Jessie Barr, Helen Glennie, Elinor Green, Lillian Kribs, Mona Le Gallais, Helen Pidgeon, Lois Tedman, June Warren, Roma Wessells, Phyllis Cook, Katie Clark, May Eyer, Dora Fox and Helen McLennan.

Leilla MacMillan is a nurse in training at the Oshawa General Hospital.

Florence Drury Boucher has moved to Montreal and is living at 5 Park Place, Westmount.

Roma Wilson spent last summer abroad.

Virginia Beatson and Sylvia Eby are graduating from Varsity this year.

Jean Fleck Barclay sailed for Europe in May.

Alice Pitblado Bovard wintered in California.

Dorritt Larkin Lewis is living in New Westminster, B.C. Her address is 26 Granville St.

Phyllis Shepard, Mary Clement, Gertrude McQuigge and Helen Smart are registered in First Year, Household Science; Phyllis Eassen is in Second Year and Mary Trainer Third Year, same course.

Sylvia and Ray Cayley spent the winter abroad.

Betty Shepard is a nurse-in-training at the Toronto General Hospital.

Irene Martin wintered in Florida.

Births

- Marjorie Gray Fraser, a daughter, May 8th.
 Griswoldene Comstock Lewis, a son, May 11th.
 Grace Morris Craig, a daughter, May 14th.
 Mary Hendrie Cumming, a daughter, Mary Stuart, May 19th.
 Bessie Stone Howell, a son, John Spencer, May 29th.
 Frances Mulock Johnston, a daughter, Ann Mulock, June 4th.
 Margaret Morton Lightbourn, a son, June 18th.
 Jean Southam Peters, a daughter, Margot, June 19th.
 Katherine Newcombe Jacques, a son, June 19th.
 Myrtle Evans Lawson, a daughter, June 23rd.
 Donna Campbell Murray, a son, Jas. Kenneth Campbell, July 11th.
 Marjorie Bone Walwyn, a daughter, August 25th.
 Marion Kirkpatrick Waite, a son, August 27th.
 Amea Brewin Willoughby, a son, Sept. 6th.
 Jean Ferguson Morine, a daughter, Sept. 14th.
 Blanche Burton Wessels, a son, Charles Burton, Sept. 24th.
 Margaret Binns Parker, a daughter, Margaret Jocelyn, Sept. 26th.
 Madeline Rogers Peers, twins, Velba Jane and Michael Roy, Sept.
 Mizpah Sussex Lithgow, a daughter, Oct. 7th.
 Alleen Erb Goetchius, a son, George Andrew, Oct. 9th.
 Marjorie Hopkirk Wright, a daughter, Oct. 11th.
 Helen Macrae Thomson, a daughter, Barbara Macrae, Nov. 4th.
 Hazel Porter Clark, a daughter, Nov. 20th.
 Florence Boyle Robinson, a daughter, Nov. 22nd.
 Marion Skeans Pearch, a daughter, Nov. 25th.
 Gladys Neely Garratt, a son, Dec. 3rd.
 Helen Gibson Dafoe, a daughter, Dec. 17th.
 Marion Baillie Green, a son, Dec. 20th.
 Helen Mackenzie Todd, a son, Jan. 20th.
 Elinor Bone Weir, a daughter, Jan. 21st.
 Greta Playter Tobin, a son, Jan. 26th.
 Henrietta Loft Waldron, a daughter, Beverley Northcote, Feb. 11th.
 Katherine Crombie Wales, a daughter, February 14th.
 Agnes Campbell Heslip, a daughter, Feb. 15th.
 Patricia Walker Ramsay, a son, March 3rd.
 Helen McAulay McGourich, a daughter, Sally Dean, March 8th.
 Aimee Gundy Rykert, a son, John Charles, March 19th.
 Bessie Webster Brown, a daughter, Shirley Elizabeth, Mar. 22nd.
 Norma Whelan Coleman, a son, Edward John, April 2nd.
 Annette Osborne Fawcett, a son, May 2nd.

Marriages

- Bessie McPherson to Willard Ferrier Armstrong, June 5th.
 Anna Mae Hees to Bethune Larratt Smith, June 8th.
 Isobel Lumbers to John Frederick Day, June 8th.
 Betty Leishman to Horace Clarke Krause, June 8th.
 Joy Robinson to Kenneth Dow Miller, June 12th.
 Jean McIntosh (Moose Jaw) to Gerald Adams Parkins, June 12th.
 Mary Foster to James W. P. Gorman, June 15th.
 Ruth Kingsland to Douglas Cameron Chapman, June 15th.
 Virginia Gundy to John Henderson Thomson, June 18th.
 Leith Hutchinson to Kenneth G. Fossberry, June 22nd.
 Helen Wright to Gerald N. Walker, June 22nd.
 Clara Hire to Basil G. Partridge, June 26th.

Ray Jacobs to Jacob Frank, June 26th.
 Katherine Anderson to David Selby, June 29th.
 Persis Coleman to Walter Graham Butler, June 29th.
 Aimee Gundy to Harold Rykert, June 29th.
 Jean Gamble to Walter McManus, July 17th.
 Marguerite Clark to George B. Somers, July 23rd.
 Jean Aitken to Thomson McLintock, July 26th.
 Mary Campbell to Gordon MacIntosh Ga Nun, August 15th.
 Helen Howard to Rudolf Stewart Oliver, August 21st.
 Mary Fraser to William Henry Williams, August 31st.
 Florence Puddington to Frederic P. M. Coombes, August 31st.
 Isabel Liersch to A. W. Shaw, September.
 Edythe Coleman to John H. C. Warren, Sept. 7th.
 Anna Mahood to Sydney Scobell Donnelly, Sept. 7th.
 Marjorie MacGillivray to Edwin Fisher Armstrong, Sept. 7th.
 Grace Despard to Robert Wade Grant, Sept. 14th.
 Florence Fraser to Eric Hutchison Smith, Sept. 14th.
 Edith McKay to John Hubert Eastwood, Sept. 14th.
 Dorothy Rason to Frederick M. Lyon, Sept. 14th.
 Edna Pratt to Robert James Pinchin, Sept. 28th.
 Kathleen Tait to Alex. Hamilton McIlwraith, Sept. 28th.

Marjorie Neale to Harold G. H. Cope, Oct. 5th.
 Frances Playfair to George Leslie Jennison, Oct. 12th.
 Gretchen Kastner to Robert Morse Doull, Oct. 18th.
 Olive Cuddy to Bruce B. Eastland, Oct. 26th.
 Iris Aguilar to Clive Sorapure, Oct. 31st.
 Evelyn Darling to Hugh Tarbox, Nov. 2nd.
 Margaret Stafford to William John Dean, Nov. 9th.
 Helen Goring to J. E. Gordon Chaplin, Nov. 18th.
 Dorothy Willson to Donald S. McKay, Nov. 30th.
 Katherine Hanna to George Roy Sproat, Dec. 21st.
 Dorothy Henry to Fraser Burnett Hamilton, Dec. 21st.
 Mary Elizabeth Anderson to John Buckland Wright, Dec. 30th.
 Marion Brewster to Alex. Cameron Ross, Jan. 4th.
 Lenore Gooderham to William Stevenson Cherry, Jan. 8th.
 Betty Brodie to John Barnabas Hall, Jan. 9th.
 Helen Grisdale to Frederick Edward Graham, Jan. 11th.
 Phyllis Cassels to Alex. Chisholm Logie, Feb. 14th.
 Mary Bailey to James C. Campbell, March 29th.
 Elizabeth Ramsay to Basil Cumpston, April 21st.
 Mary Rowell to Henry Rutherford Jackman, April 26th.
 Mary Croft to Arthur Buck Matthews, April 30th.
 Dorothy Alger to John Deve Villetorte, May 7th.

Deaths

John, son of Margaret Morton Lightbourn, July 8th.
 Richard Southam, husband of Edith Burchell, July 20th.
 Kenneth Miller, husband of Joy Robinson, August 24th.

John Hall, husband of Jean Nesbitt, January 14th.
 Rudolph, January 25th, and Max, February 13th, twin sons of Constance Davies Muspratt.
 Gordon, son of Mary Tudhope Eaton, February 9th.

In Memoriam

DOROTHY CHOWN DEWAR

**September 17th
1929**

DOROTHY ALLAN

**March 22nd
1930**



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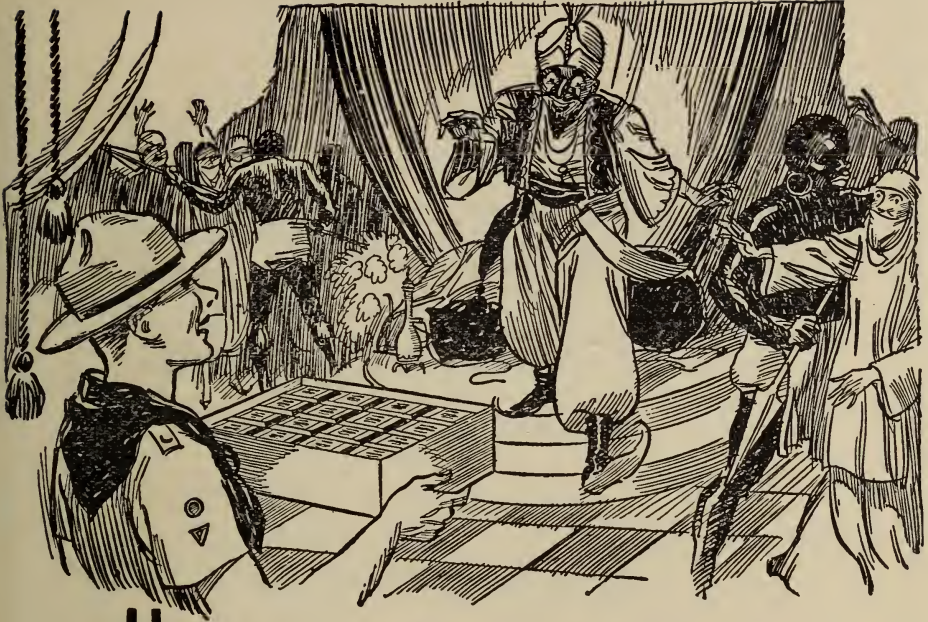
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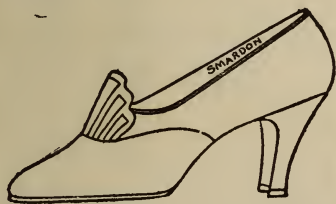
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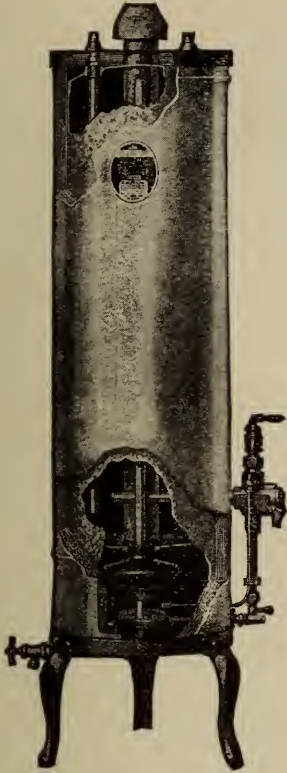
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